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Junior Recital: Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Magdalyn Chauby

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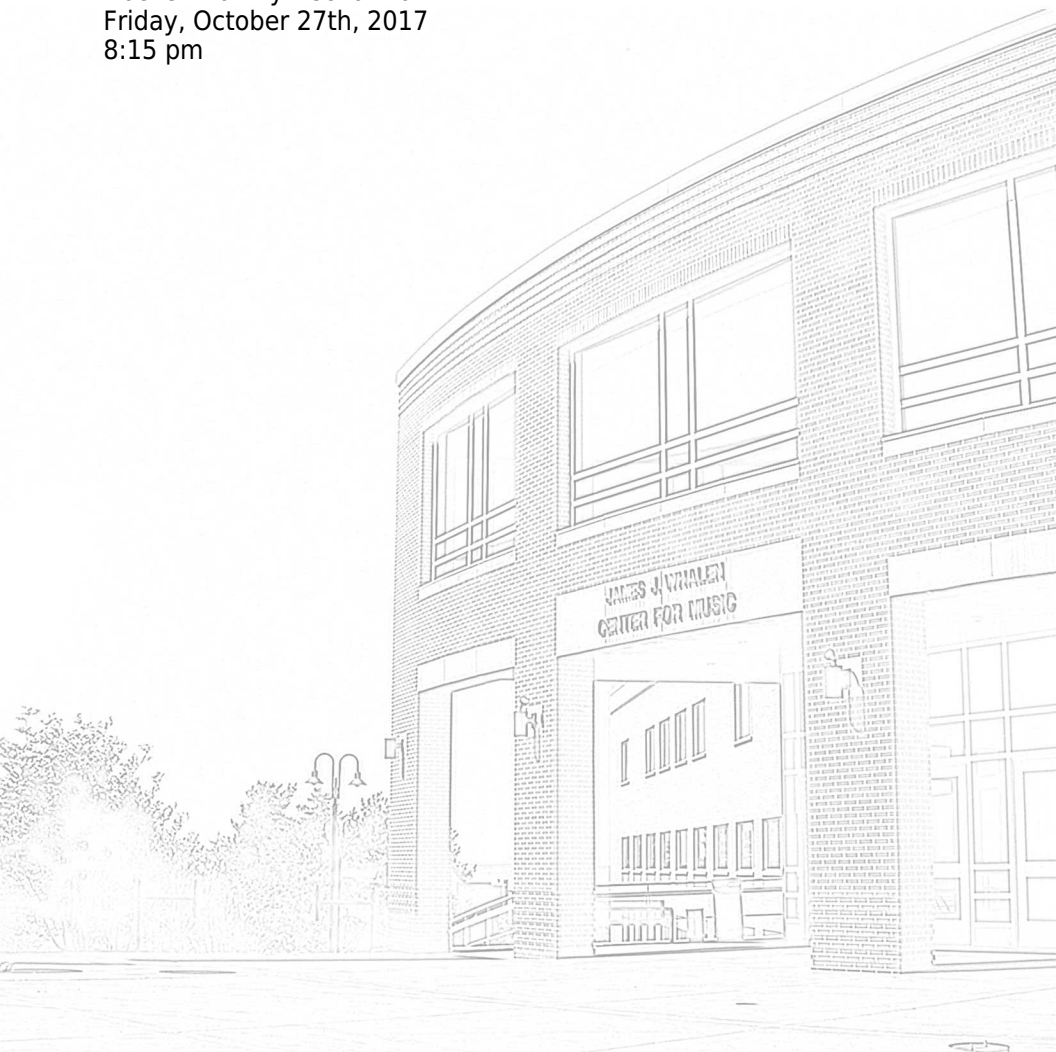
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The Stories We Tell
Junior Recital:
Magdalyn Chauby, soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, October 27th, 2017
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

*Stories are light. Light is precious in a world so dark. Begin at the beginning.
Tell... a story. Make some light.-Kate DiCamillo*

Quia ergo femina
O virga ac diadema

Hildegard of Bingen
(1098-1179)

*What would happen if one woman told the truth about her life? The world
would split open.-Muriel Rukeyser*

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Sie liebten sich beide
Lorelei

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Intermission

*Everyone who tells a story tells it differently, just to remind us that everybody
sees it differently.-Jeanette Winterson*

Il Pleure Dans Mon Cœur
Chevaux De Bois
Pierrot

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

*But behind all your stories is always your mother's story, because hers is
where yours begin.-Mitch Albom*

Songs from Letters:
So Like Your Father's
He Never Misses
A Man Can Love Two Women
A Working Woman
All I Have

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Translations and Lyrics

Quia ergo femina

Quia ergo femina mortem instruxit,
clara virgo illam interemit,
et ideo est summa benedictio

in feminea forma
pre omni creatura,
quia Deus factus est homo
in dulcissima et beata virgine.

For since a woman drew up death,
a virgin gleaming dashed it down,
and therefore is the highest blessing
(found)

in woman's form
before all other creatures.
For God was made a human
in the sweet and blessed Virgin.

O virga ac diadema

O virga ac diadema purpure regis

que es in clausura tua sicut lorica:

Tu frondens floruisti in alia vicissitudine

quam Adam omne genus humanum
produceret.

Ave, ave, de tuo ventre alia vita
processit
qua Adam filios suos denudaverat.
O flos, tu non germinasti de rore
nec de guttis pluvie
nec aer desuper te volavit sed divina

claritas in nobilissima virga te produxit.

O branch and diadem in royal purple
clad,

who like a shield stand in your cloister
strong.

You burst forth blooming but with buds
quite different

than Adam's progeny, the human race.

Hail! For from your womb came forth
another life,

that Adam had stripped from his sons.

O bloom, you did not spring from dew

nor from the drops of rain,

nor has the air flown over you; but
radiance divine

has brought you forth upon that noblest
bough.

O virga, floriditatem tuam Deus in prima
die

creature sue previderat.

Et te Verbo suo auream materiam,

o laudabilis Virgo, fecit.

O branch, your blossoming God had
seen

from his creation.

And by his word made you a golden
matrix,

O Virgin, worthy of our praise.

O quam magnum est in viribus suis
latus viri,
de quo Deus formam mulieris produxit,

quam fecit speculum
omnis ornamenti sui et amplexionem
omnis creature sue.

Inde concinunt celestia organa et
miratur

omnis terra, o laudabilis Maria,
quia Deus te valde amavit.

O, how great in power is that side of
man,

from which God brought the form of
woman forth,

a mirror made

of all his ornament, and an embrace

of all his own creation.

The heavens' symphony sounds, in
wonder stands

all earth, O Mary, worthy of our praise,
for God has loved you more than all.

O quam valde plangendum et lugendum
est quod tristitia in crimine

per consilium serpentis in mulierem
fluxit.

Nam ipsa mulier, quam Deus matrem
omnium
posuit, viscera sua
cum vulneribus ignorantie decerpit, et
plenum dolorem
generi suo protulit.

Sed, o aurora, de ventre tuo novus sol
processit,
qui omnia crimina Eve abstersit
et maiorem benedictionem per te
protulit
quam Eva hominibus nocuisset.

Unde, o Salvatrix, que novum lumen
humano generi
protulisti: collige membra Filii tui

ad celestem armoniam.

O cry and weep! How deep the woe!
What sorrow seeped with guilt in
womanhood

Because the serpent hissed his wicked
plan!

That woman, whom God made the
mother of the world,
had pricked her womb
with wounds of ignorance the full
inheritance of grief
she offered to her offspring.

But from your womb, has come the sun
anew;
the guilt of Eve he's washed away
and through you offered humankind a
blessing
even greater than the harm that Eve
bestowed.

O Lady Savior, who has offered to the
human race
a new and brighter light: together join
the members of your Son
into the heavens' harmony.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen

Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen
ihm schlug bekloffen mein Herz
entgegen.

Wie konnt' ich ahnen daß seine Bahnen

sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm unt Regen
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das
seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es
heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He has come in storm and rain
Against him my heart beat anxiously.

How could I have suspected that his
path
Should unite with my path.

He has come in storm and rain
He has boldly taken my heart.
Took he mine? Took I his?

They both came together themselves.

Now has come the springtime's blessing
The friend travels on, I look on
cheerfully
For he remains mine on all roads.

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
unt wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

They loved each other, but neither
Wanted to confess to the other.
They looked at each other so hostilely,
And would, for love, die.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
unt wußten es selber kaum.

They parted from each other and saw
each other
Only sometimes in a dream.
They were long since dead
And they hardly knew it.

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
daß ich so traurig bin;
ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I know now what it means
That I am so sad;
A fairytale from olden times
Comes from me and not of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool and it grows dark,
And peacefully flows the Rhein;
The top of the mountain sparkles
In the sunset.

Die schönste Jungfrau setzt
dort oben wunderbar,
ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.

The fairest maiden sits
Above mysteriously,
Her golden jewelry sparkles,
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
unt singt ein Lied dabei:
das hat eine wundersame,
gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb
and sings a song with it;
It has a wonderfully
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

The boatman in the small boat
is seized with fierce sorrow;
he sees not the rocky-reef,
he looks only upwards into the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
und das hat mit ihrem Singen
die Lorelei getan.

I believe, the waves will devour
in the end, boatman and small boat;
And that with her singing
The Lorelei has done.

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

It weeps in my heart
As it rains on the town
What is this listlessness
That pervades my heart?

Oh soft sound of the rain
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which grows listless
Oh the sound of the rain!

It weeps without reason
In this heart which sickens
What! No betrayal?
This grief is without reason.

It is truly the worst pain
To not know why
Without love and without hatred,
My heart has so much pain.

Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours

Tournez souvent et turnez toujours
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,

Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois

Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller aïné dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,

Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Turn, turn good horses of wood
Turn a hundred turns, Turn a thousand turns

Turn often and turn forever
Turn to the sound of the oboes.

The child all ruddy and the mother pale
The boy in black and the girl in pink
The one down to earth and the other showing off

Each themselves buys a penny of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While around all your turning
Twinkles discreetly the eye of the sly pickpocket

Turn to the sound of the cornet victorious!

It is amazing how this intoxicates you
To go thus in a silly circle:
Nothing in the tummy and an ache in the head

Discomfort in mass and fun in heaps.

Turn, hobbyhorses without the need
To ever use any spurs
To command your gallops around
Turn, turn, without the hope of hay.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme.
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

And hurry horses of their souls
Already there rings (the bell) to supper
The night that falls and drives away the
band
Of merry drinkers by their thirst made
ravenous.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours,
tournez.

Turn, turn the sky of velvet
With starts of gold is clothed slowly
The church knell tolls sadly.
Turn to the sound of happy drums, turn.

Pierrot

Le bon Pierrot que la foule contemple
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin
Suit en songeant le boulevard du
temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin.
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin
Et cependant mytérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau
Jetté un regard de son œil en coulisse
A son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

The good Pierrot whom the crowd gazes
at
Having finished the wedding of
Harlequin
Follows while dreaming the boulevard of
the temple.
A girl with a loose flowing blouse.
In vain she provokes him with her eye
teasing
And in the meantime mysterious and
smooth
Making of him, her most dear delight
The white moon with the horns of a bull
Casts a sidelong glance with her eye
To her friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Songs from Letters

So Like Your Father's (1880)

Janey, a letter came today and a picture of you.
Your expression so like your father's, like your father's
Brought back all the years.
Janey, a picture of you...
Like your father's, brought back all the years.

He Never Misses (1880)

I met your father "Wild Bill Hickok" near Abilene.
A bunch of outlaws were trying to kill him.
I crawled through the brush to warn him,
Bill killed them all.
I'll never forget...
Blood running down his face while he used two guns.
I crawled through the brush to warn him.
Bill killed them all.
He never aimed, and he was never known to miss.

A Man Can Love Two Women (1880)

Don't let jealousy get you, Janey.
It kills love
It kills love and all nice things.
Don't let jealousy get you, Janey.
It drove your father from me.
I lost everything I loved,
I lost everything I loved except for you.
A man can love two women,
Love two women at a time.
He loved her and he still loved me because of you,
Janey.

A Working Woman (1882-1893)

Your mother works for a living.
One day I have chickens, and the next day feathers.
These days I'm driving a stagecoach.
For a while I worked in Russell's saloon.
But when I worked there all the virtuous women planned to run me out of town,
So these days I'm driving a stagecoach.
Your mother works for a living.

I'll be leaving soon to join Bill Cody's Wild West Show.
I'll ride a horse bareback, standing up, shooting my Stetson hat twice,
Throwing in into the air and landing on my head.

These are hectic days, like hell let out for noon.
I mind my own bus'ness, but remember the one thing the world hates
Is a woman who minds her own bus'ness.
All the virtuous women have bastards and shotgun weddings.
I have nursed them through childbirth and my only pay
Is a kick in the pants when my back is turned.
These other women are pot bellied, hairy legged
And they look like something the cat dragged in.
I wish I had the pow'r to damn their souls to hell!

Your mother works for a living.

All I Have (1902)

I am going blind.
All hope of seeing you again is dead, Janey.
What have I ever done except one blunder after another?
All I have left are these pictures of you.
You and your father, pictures, all I have,
I am going blind.
Don't pity me, Janey,
Forgive my faults and all the wrong I did you.

Goodnight, little girl,
Goodnight, little girl, and may God keep you from harm.